

J. Burns

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY,

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, May 23,.....1812.

[NO. 5.

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF
BELGRADE.

The abbess received him with an affability remarkable. Her spirits were not so good, and her health evidently worse than when he last saw her. Much as he detested the author of Mariana's unhappiness, the miserable object before him was enough to excite compassion, 'I know your errand,' she began, 'and I am prepared to answer your demand. The duke's wishes must not be satisfied so hastily; my sudden consent would not suit the dignified character I should hold up to public view, and it might betray a fear of threats which my exalted situation should forbid.

At that moment his mother entered the apartment; she overheard the conclusion of the sentence, and by the signs she made Alfonso understood the necessity of adopting the plan already noticed.

'The duke,' he replied, 'is not governed by a disposition to insult

the dignity of the superior of St. Clare. He demands his ward, and Violante must be resigned.' Then adding in a whisper, 'Aranza has discovered the murder of his wife and daughter. The assassin's life is in my hands; he has confessed you to be his instigator in this foul mischief, and unless you resign Violante, Diego lives to charge you with the crime—give her to me, forthwith, and he dies with the secret in my safe custody.'

O God! how evident the indications of a guilty mind! back within herself she shrunk; and the exhausted constitution, supported by a feeble thread, had nearly vanished from the stage of life. But her infernal spirit had yet a scene to act before the tragedy should end: this once done the horrid character she personated would close upon the world!

'Sister Agnes,' she exclaimed, 'let Violante go—but REMEMBER, seignior, the condition of my consent.'

'Every thing is already in preparation my dear mother,' whispered Alfonso as they left the apartment of the abbess. When the convent bell warns the nuns to

evening prayer the good old Morad will have a carriage in waiting for us. Shall we go to night positively?

‘Positively, my son,’ replied Agnes; Mariana has given her consent; but I have explained to her the necessity of secrecy, and even Violante must be ignorant of our intentions. You will now conduct Violante to the duke. I shall conceal her departure from the abbess, that when you come again at night your object may be construed for such a purpose. At 8 o’clock I shall expect you.’

Violante received her deliverer with a palpitating heart; but when she heard the success of his efforts, the transports of ecstasy knew no bounds. Mariana hailed his presence with a smiling countenance; and now assured of Violante’s happiness she shared in the general joy. A message from the abbess at that moment summoned Agnes from the room, and Violante followed to prepare for her immediate departure. Now was the moment of mutual confession come! Mariana, confused in this unlooked-for situation, run toward the door.

‘And would you leave me?’ cried Alfonso; she stopped and blushed but dared not turn.—

‘Mariana—’ exclaimed Alfonso.

‘Seignior!’ replied Mariana.

‘Tis only Alfonso,’ he said,

‘come to fulfil his promise.’ She blushed, and smiled, and wept at once—tenderly he took her hand—it trembled as did his own; her head sunk upon her bosom—that bosom heaved as did Alfonso’s—neither had a word to utter—both stood entranced.—Exquisite sensibility!—The danger of interruption prompted him to be explicit:—now she strove to disengage the hand he held—‘And will Mariana leave her—?’ said Alfonso, the kiss imprinted upon her finger stifling the word he wished, but dared not utter. ‘This little privilege,’ he sighed, ‘I stole for love—can Mariana—but Mariana—’ Now her eyes meet his—again she blushes—‘My mother perceives the attachment of her son—’

‘Your mother!’ exclaims Mariana.

‘Yes, Agnes!—’

‘Agnes your MOTHER!’ she adds with a smile of satisfaction, pausing still doubting—‘By heavens!’ he exclaims, ‘she confirms my hopes!’—Now claspt in each other’s arms he impressed upon her lips the transports of his soul!

When Agnes returned she gave a dreadful description of the situation of the abbess. ‘I found her,’ she said, ‘in the height of terrible convulsions: the room filled by the sisterhood all paralyzed at the frenzy of the unhappy woman, and none offering to extend relief. A timely appli-

cation of arromantics brought back the scattered senses; and when capable of speech she desired all to leave the room but me. 'O Agnes!' she cried, 'terrible have been the conflicts of my guilty soul. speak to me! that I may hear a human voice and know that fiends do not rack my feeble limbs;—speak, that I may know I live—one word will save me from a world of torture!'

'How keenly I pined this guilty wretch!' continued Agnes; 'her race is run; to-morrow's sun will light her to eternity! After every soothing effort to control her perturbed spirits she thus began—'Agnes, I owe you much; but the hour of retribution is arrived:—painted in horrid imagery, I have read the volume of my life—page succeeding page, from first to last, is blurred with crime: and the compiler of my infamy, as if infected with my vices, seemed to weep o'er his polluted hands. Horrible vision! never will it vanish from my sight, but by its eternal presence gnaw my repenting hours! I feel the agonies of death come fast upon me. O that the truly penitent may have a pardon! This night, Agnes, you must accompany me to the tomb of Francisco. 'Tis a pilgrimage I owe the manes of a godlike man:—by me he fell: by me pardon must be sought. Kneeling o'er the ashes of Francisco, I'll confess me of my sins, and having prayed forgiveness, back to my couch I'll come

and die! This night, Agnes, must witness a solemn festival. Seven was the hour Francisco saved me from an awful death: seven the hour he died, and seven be the hour I kneel upon his grave! I know the way.'

'Such,' continued Agnes, 'is the determination of the wretched abbess. The tomb of Francisco is in the vault of the Inquisition—from some unknown cause she holds a key to that abode of horror. I must attend her, but I shall not fail to return to you in time. Be here, Ahmed, at the hour you mentioned: Mariana, your fortitude must not forsake you: have confidence in me, and Ahmed will lead us both to happiness.'

Violante was now ready to accompany Alfonso. Affecting as the parting scene: Much as she sought her liberty, the idea of deserting such esteemed friends embittered the pangs of separation. She little knew how near the period of their own confinement. Agnes, sympathising in the distress she witnessed, hurried Violante from the room and saw her pass the convent gate unnoticed.

The interview between the duke and his niece was a scene tender as the last was affecting. He had not seen Violante from a child:—that she was a lovely girl report confirmed: but he beheld her surpassing all his fancy taught. Her return to the world was like a new era in his life. He hailed it as an

auspicious omen, and before an hour had passed in her society, he discovered such a flow of animal spirits as evinced the speedy termination of his convalescence.

Violante's presence he supposed might induce Alfonso to defer joining his regiment for awhile: but in this he found himself mistaken. It was vain to oppose his determination: and orders were given for a splendid entertainment in honor of the day.

The hour of Alfonso's engagement at length drew near. Affecting was the leave he took of his generous benefactor. Violante stretched forth her hand—this was not enough: in the niece he beheld the attachment to the uncle nor did he forget it was the friend of his beloved he was addressing: he embraced her because it would be gratifying the duke, pleasing to Mariana, pardonable to the company, and inoffensive to herself.—'Twas! Bernard alone felt dissatisfied by the step. To him Alfonso next presented himself:—still might their friendship have been preserved entire—still both had separated happy; but neither possessed resolution to own his secret. Both obstinate to the last they forged the fetters of their own affliction—they shook hands;—'twas impossible for Bernard not to perceive the agitation of Alfonso, but he ascribed it to a cause the most opposite. It was equally impossible that Alfonso should

suppress his feelings, conscious as he was of the duplicity of his own conduct.

'You will return, Bernard?' cried the duke, perceiving him to follow Alfonso to the door.

'Not to-night,' answered Bernard, 'I am particularly engaged.'—

'Where!' exclaimed Alfonso, suspicious of interruption.

'I am on duty, he replied, 'farewell may you be happy!'

The night was dark and uncomfortable. Not a star was visible: the vast canopy of heaven, wrapt up in deep obscurity, Alfonso's eye turned inward on his thoughts to hold a solemn conclave in the mind. At such a time the good man gropes his way uninfluenced by aught but personal security. The wicked, appalled by the conjurations of his guilty conscience, sees nothing but an array of hideous imagery. But Alfonso, doubly armed, had a double impulse to urge him on; his love and the rescue of a mother, felt the powerful auxiliary of his tried scimitar and the undaunted resolution of his mind. The solemn knell warning the Franciscan monks to evening prayer, at once broke in upon the peaceful stillness of the gloom—anon was heard the direful import of St. Clare—wild was his fancy now:—there stood the lovely Mariana despairing of his promis-

ed aid, dragged by the unfeeling arm of papal power, and forced upon the polluted altars of religion to utter vows of abjuration blasphemous to the everlasting! The illuminated prison of his plighted bride now opens to his left to point the way—legions of fiend,—nor all the opposing power of earth, and hell, marshalled up before him could impede his determined soul; onward he runs, regardless of the dangers of the path, and almost sinking beneath the velocity of his speed—gains the inlet to his doubtful hope. Trembling he knocks—the door opens propitious to his desire!

‘What art thou, who comes at such unseasonable hours?’ demands the porter.

‘Aranza for his niece,’ was the reply.

‘Good signior you’re welcome within St. Clare.’

He had not proceeded far when he observed the abbess and his mother pursuing their course, as he rightly supposed, to the tomb of Francisco. He had now too much knowledge of the abandoned profligacy of the superior, to think of leaving his mother ever on such an occasion. For a moment he forgot Mariana, and as he had thus far proceeded without observation he determined to behold the issue of a suspicious pilgrimage.

In one hand his mother held a

dark lantern, and in the other a key. The superior was supported on her arm, and both in earnest conversation. At length, traversing the dismal labyrinths of St. Clare, they reached the door communicating with the vaults of the Inquisition. These they descended; and the abbess, who appeared no stranger to the place, directed the course to take.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

From the Freemason's Magazine.

THE OLD MAID.

SINCE you have admitted the complaints of an Old Bachelor, you surely will not treat an Old Maid with less civility. I am one of that despised sisterhood, very much against my inclination, I assure you; and if you please will give you my history in a few words. When quite a girl, I was in a similar situation to that of Mr. Sorrowful's Eliza. My lover had spared no pains to make a lasting impression on my heart, and succeeded so well that I was for many years in the habit of drawing involuntarily comparisons in his favor from the appearance of every man who said civil things to me, and, with the constancy of an heroine, kept his idea ‘unmixed with baser matter’ till he was pleased to quit my vivacious ladyship, the bloom of two-and-twenty yet glowing on my cheek, for a deformed piece of antiquity attractive for nothing but

her wealth. Touched by that as if by the spear of Ithuriel, he started up into his proper form; and I lost him forever. I did, as I suppose most young women do in such cases: in public I laughed away all appearance of grief, and sat up at nights to weep unobserved. My sorrow some time after assumed a softer tone; and I wrote very pathetic odes to despair, ingratitude, &c. till time and pride swept away the last trace of tenderness, and left on the tablet of the mind nothing by which to remember the circumstance, except a tolerable quantity of double refined contempt.

By this time I was in the sober latitude of thirty, and near being put upon the woful list of stale virginity, when a man many years older than myself paid me particular attention, and repressed for a time the prognostics of the withered community, who feared I might yet escape them. From the similarity of our tastes and dispositions, I began to hope that I might though late, meet with happiness, or at least avoid the ridicule attendant on old maidism, of which I had a very absurd dread. This lover of mine, thought I, has passed that heyday of the passions which hurries men into inconstancy: though he is not so desperately fond, I think I may depend on having him all to myself. Well! all is for the best. I once thought I never could like any man but Edward; but time changes one strangely. Ne-

vertheless, the same sensations do not recur with the same force as for him: that cannot happen but once; and perhaps this man's mind may be better adapted to my contracted powers of susceptibility than one of a warmer and a finer texture.

Thus you see, sir, I settled this second affair quite to my mind, and seemed willing to accommodate myself to such a mixed kind of enjoyment as Fate appeared to design for me. I now inquired after houses to let at moderate rents, became acquainted with the secrets of marketing at low prices, and interested myself in the reported addition of taxes. But while I was thus laudably endeavoring to fit myself for a good housewife, lo! my man of moderation flies off, and leaves me for the roses and lilies of sixteen!

However, his deserts overtook him time enough. The girlish playfulness that had bewitched him from me, presently showed itself in a multitude of unpleasant forms when kept up by the wife. He soon had to contend with obstinacy, ill-nature, and contradiction, which extreme youth and beauty in madam made her think she had a right to display. 'She would weep when he was disposed to be merry, and laugh like a hyena when he was inclined to sleep' admit gentlemen to her toilet, buy her millinery in Bond-street, and rattle home at four in the morning

from a card party. In short, she led him a most delectable life; and, if I could have enjoyed revenge, his predicament would have furnished me with a retreat. But I am not made up of such ungentele elements. I sometimes, even now, heave a sigh for his fate: and though he has lost my esteem forever, I feel quite as much sorrow for his wretchedness as resentment at his conduct.

Don't you think, good Mr. Editor, that it is a pity such a liberal-hearted creature as myself should be thus excluded from some of the most endearing connexions in nature? With the first man who won my heart, I would have braved every danger, and have struggled with every difficulty; and for the second, although, perhaps I might not have been quite so active I certainly would have done my best to brighten his autumnal days, and to jog with him down October hill with as equal a pace as might be.

Except that my own caprices have not occasioned my misfortunes, I think my case much harder than that of Mr. Sorrowful: and if you, Mr. Editor, deem the prayers of vestals efficacious, you may secure mine at the trifling expence of inserting this, that the world may see our sisterhood is not composed merely of decayed beauties or unsocial spirits, but sometimes the unwelcome retreat into which those of elegant desires

and wounded sensibility are too often plunged by the versatility of the other sex.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

SOPHIA MYRTLE.

THE AUCTIONEER.

HE is up gentleman, will you give us a bid. A *BUCK*, gentlemen, a first rate *BUCK*—the *TIP* of the mode. View him—how sleek he is! Smell him—how sweet he is? Will you please to hear the history of this rare animal?—Rare did I say,—no not very rare neither—they are pretty plenty now adays—but this one is a remarkable one among a thousand, (and I dare promise I sell that number this season) among a thousand of these animals, you shall not see the fellow of the same Buck this before ye. His name is Harry Holloytria—he was born—I don't recollect where he was born—no matter, he was born, and that is sufficient now adays. Soon after he was born (for I suppose he was a full grown buck) he began to put on buckish airs. His hair was powdered and pomatomed to such a degree, that it had not been for that *DELICATE* smell, Nan would have sworn he had been pie crust, and would have baked it long ere this, head and all; and served it up for the calves head pie: but Nan, this would have been a sad mistake, for calves head would have had no brains in it. Will

you give us a bid, gentlemen? His clothes how shall I describe them? Do look at them, gentlemen—they are in the newest fashion. View his blue pantaloons—don't they set snug? his boots, with tops down to the bottom, an't they the tippe? that pudding under his chin, is it not comfortable in winter?—and his language—how sublime! I have hardly courage to repeat it—why it is more than half made up of the most awful words, how many times has he d—mn'd his soul to h—l—this is a proof that he thinks he has a soul—by his actions one would suppose he thought he had none! I would repeat some of his sentences, but they would make your hair stand on end. Was you to hear him talk of the business he has transacted, you would be crazy to buy: 'My store; my country house; my servant let my horse go loose and broke my carriage, which cost me 300 dollars; d—mn me, Sir, that watch is not equal to one I had stolen from me last winter; why it cost me 140 dollars at auction; d—mn me you could not have bought one at the watch makers equal to it for 300 dollars.'

Why do you not bid gentlemen: he must be sold, and shall be sold, and not him only, but thousands of the same species—They will be sold soon—and there will no more be raised this long time to come. They do not multiply in peaceable times—they are an animal that will not flourish in the neighbourhood

of industry. War and speculation makes them plenty; and when war ceases, speculation is at an end, and the bucks perish—Buy now then, or you will have reason to repent your neglect. You will not be able to supply yourselves after I have done selling—Bid something—will you bid nothing?—Hand him in then, let us put up something of some value.

The LUCUBRATOR,

NUMBER I.

'Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur

Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.' OVID.

On DEBATING, or DISPUTING.

The English are immoderately fond of places of amusement; but as an attention to pleasure naturally produces satiety, no pains or cost are spared to afford variety, and keep the senses in a perpetual delirium. These amusements are fitted to all ranks, and each amusement might serve as a distinction of classes, were it not that vanity forces the lower to tread on the heels of the upper gentry, and emulate, by tawdry and imitative finery, that splendid appearance which the habit of being rich (if I may use the expression) only can confer. The opulent and refined, have the dear delights of the opera, masquerades, riddottos, oratorios, concerts, fetes-champêtres, &c.; and

the inferior ranks fill the galleries of the playhouses, or the shilling pit at Astley's, or Sadler's Wells, and confine their summer excursion to twelpenny ordinaries and sixpenny tea-gardens. But of all amusements, that which is commonly called a Disputing Club seems to me the most extraordinary. They prevail much among the inferior and more ignorant ranks; though I know not how to account for their being fond of an amusement which is so little attended with delight or satisfaction. The questions proposed for debate are such as admit of no positive or decisive answer; so that whatever side you give your vote to, you are obliged to contradict common sense. All such disputants as I have seen, seem to be actuated by little else but vanity; and if they ever had any learning, it has been long ago done away in the pursuit of fanciful doctrines and ideal 'truths.' It is indeed surprising that we, who are in general reckoned a sensible and well educated people, should give encouragement to societies that are productive of little else than an increase of that vanity which first influenced the speakers, and a confusion of thought more perplexing than the doubts which they attempt to unravel.

A Disputing Club! Methinks the very name creates a degree of disgust; for what can be more odious than the disposition towards wrangling and disputing, which

these naturally produce? These people do not understand the philosophy of their own hearts. If they did, they would be sensible that habits of disputing naturally ambiguous or self-evident facts, and cavilling concerning matters of little moment, have the worst effects not only on the head, but on the heart; not only on the imagination, but on the understanding. They induce an unsettled distraction, that permits not a man to think of any thing as certainly true or certainly false; as certainly hurtful, or certainly innocent; and when our confidence in incontrovertible facts & conscious opinions is thus destroyed, we have little behind that will not rather impede than promote the false guidance of our conduct.

I knew a young man who once possessed an amiable disposition and most promising parts. These he cultivated with unremitting industry in his younger years: but unfortunately when he came to London, he contracted acquaintance with some people connected with these Disputing Clubs. From possessing more wealth than the majority, he thought it an honor to preside at each meeting, and after a few weeks practice became a 'capital' speaker: but from that moment ceased to be a prudent 'thinker.' He soon began to doubt of every evidence, and to find difficulties where the simplicity of a babe would have sufficed for understanding. Because he found

some perplexities in those unsearchable mysteries that are hid even from the wisest, he entertained an opinion that every thing was enveloped in the same mazes, and that nothing but vulgar prejudice could influence a man to believe any received doctrine. From the embarrassments of doubting, he in a few years passed to a state of unsurmountable ignorance & obstinacy, and in conversation became absurd as a natural idiot, and with more impertinence than would be tolerated in the most unlicked cub. If any one related a fact, he gave the lie direct: if an opinion was occasionally hinted at, he challenged the person speaking to prove it. He maintained that colours were objects of deceit, and the heat of fire a matter of doubt.—

Hence he was generally avoided in private, but for many seasons continued an applauded speaker in some Disputing Societies: till at length he had argued away every principle of certainty in learning, confidence in man, or conscience in religion. He held it as an invariable practice to doubt every opinion: and, after he had exhausted his commonplace commentaries on it, to leave it ten times more obscure than he found it. By the 'amazing sagacity' of his assistants in this laudable science, and by his own 'liberality of sentiment,' he discovered a new theory whereby to account for the appearances of human nature, and a new system for the direction of his private conduct. In consequence

of the first, he thought that the world made itself—that it will never end; that the Scripture is fable, and, for any thing we know, not above half as old as it is said to be; that vice is certainly necessary in the world, as affording means to gratify those passions which animate us to action; that what we feel ought to be our guide; and that the man who could commit the greatest enormities without compunction, was not to be blamed: nay, that he had a right to obey the impulse of nature. On these latter maxims he formed his conduct, and by an obstinate adherence to them shortened his days; for, after having rendered himself odious to all his friends, he became a burthen to himself, and finished life as most men do who have lost the principles of a MAN. He was one morning found suspended by his own garters.

The difference betwixt this case and that of those who are daily affronting oratory and destroying common sense with seeming impunity, may appear very great; but let it be remembered, that when a man sets out on a particular road, he must either return, or pursue it to the end. One slip from virtue may not be fatal; but a succession of such will eradicate virtue altogether. Just so, one winter of disputing on trivial or unintelligible matters may not do much mischief; but a repetition of the same will soon create doubts where there were none before, and

where there was a little increase that little. One stone taken from the foundation of a house is a defect; remove many and the superstructure will fall to the ground. My motto is an additional argument. The progress of vice and ignorance is the same. Cease to do well and you do ill. Cease to enlarge your sphere of knowledge, and you forget all that you have been taught. Disregard your conscience, and you lose its benign influence. Distrust your senses and you become deprived of them.

But independent of the pernicious effects on the heart which this habit usually produces, it is in the highest degree irrational, and unworthy of a man who would wish to be, or be thought, learned. What is learning? What is the learning of the present age? Is it not a collection of facts deduced from reason, experience and judgment, and applicable to the mechanical pursuits of the body, as well as the movements of the soul! And can this be acquired if we stop at the first outset to consider difficulties of our own fancy? No man would heap stones on the highway to obstruct his progress. Let us first store in our memory the wisdom of those who have gone before us; and when we have done so, we shall find new difficulties to thwart the advancement of our own original thoughts. Then we shall be willing to add to former experience our own little mite, and be able to leave learning and the world

better than we found them. But if we pursue a contrary method, & yield to the captiousness of unbelief, we shorten the pleasures of learning, and soon date the comforts of life. It is vanity, the vanity of singularity, that makes a man an infidel: infidelity is accompanied by vice: and vice of course grows with the growth, and requires the farther assistance of deepest scepticism in order to still the compunctious visitings of Nature: for 'a wounded spirit who can bear?'

C.

 S E L E C T E D

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE BIOGRAPHY
OF DR. HUGH SMITH.

A very eminent and eccentric physician, who, like many other young men, started with a very moderate patrimony. It has long been observed, 'that the physician who walks on foot, may walk at his leisure.' The truth of this axiom was certainly found by Dr. Smith, who continued to lose one, two, or three hundred pounds a year till he was resolved to make one bold push and get into a carriage at once. The experiment answered for he prospered ever after, and as his practice increased, his skill and success established his reputation beyond dispute. On his coming to reside near Blackfriars

Bridge, his practice was equal to that of any physician in London. But he benevolently set apart two days for the poor in each week: and those who were of the middle rank in life he would never take above half a guinea. Among numerous other instances of kindness, he made it a rule never to take a fee from any inferior clergyman, any subaltern officer, or any public performer. He went even beyond this gratuitous bestowal of his assistance, and frequently gave pecuniary aid, as well as advice. Those who best knew him will best remember some little whimsicalities that frequently attended his conduct. Though hurried and fatigued by the increasing number of his patients, and the incessant demands for his advice, that patient was surest to engage his attention, who was—a sick sportsman. Better than the fee was it to be a master of a good pointer: to have invented some new device about a fowling piece, was the best chance of obtaining a prescription: and a good shot, with a tale of shooting, would undoubtedly have kept the doctor from a dutchess who was dying. This small foible was at last so well known, that numbers affected to be sportsmen who were so weak that they could not have walked over a stubble, and who held forth on the pleasures of the field, when they had unfortunately been confined to their beds. One other trait of this eccentricity, we shall be pardoned for mentioning: Whilst he was

in the height of his practice, and consequently had not a moment to spare, he solicited and obtained the arduous and troublesome office of an alderman in London, which he attended for some time: but afterwards thought proper to resign his gown. After many years passed in unseasing attention to his profession, he found it time to relax from his labour. He purchased a residence at Stratford in Essex, where nearly to the last moment he wished to see and receive his friends. His doors were ever open, his table ever hospitable, his manners were affable and gentle. He died on Sunday the 26th of December, 1790: and he died as a good man would wish to depart, loved and lamented by all. With a sufficient fortune, he left behind him a large collection, that may supply the physician and equip the sportsman. Added to treatises on physic, will be found the greatest number of fowling pieces and pointers in the possession of any doctor in medicine now alive. He kept them as memorials of the field, when the days of sporting were gone by: and to the latest hour when he could walk out into his garden, he would enumerate the sets which Ponto, now chained up, had made, how he ranged the fleetest of the fields, & never blinked his game. The Dr. married a lady of fortune, by whom he had one son, who lived to be a man, and whose loss was one of the severest afflictions his father ever sustained.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

'THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.'

PITY.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon earth by the hand of spring; as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the child of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion deserveth it not.

The Butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb: neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew-drops, falling from roses on the bosom of Spring.

Shut not thine ears therefore against the cries of the poor: neither harden thy heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk and she imploresth thy assistance with tears of sorrow: O pity her affliction, and extend thine hands to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation: let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death that thine own soul may live.

While the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, while the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity: O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

At the evening club of the performers of the Haymarket theatre, Mr. Fawcett was entering very slowly, when Mrs. Harlowe coming up behind him, said, advance, thou harbinger of impudence.—True, madam, replied he with a bow, I precede you.

A PARABLE.

ADDRESSED TO REPORT CATCHERS.

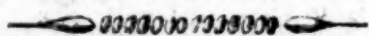
Upon the credit of a clerical sportsman, the following recipe was given for catching wild geese: 'Tie a cord to the tail of an eel, and throw it into the fens where those fowls haunt: one of the geese swallowing this slippery bait it runs through him, and is swallowed by a second, and third, and so on, till the string is quite filled.' A person once caught so many geese in this manner that they absolutely flew away with him!

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, May , 1812.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the times.



The City Inspector reports the death of 61 persons in this city, and at Potter's field, from the 9th to the 16th day of May.

From the Newark Centinel.

CASUALTY — Last Sabbath morning as the sloop *Minerva* was on her passage to Newark from New-York, captain Joseph Tompkins, who was at the helm, was knocked overboard and drowned before any assistance could be afforded him. By this afflicting providence, a wife is bereaved of the husband of her youth, six children of an indulgent parent and society of a useful member.

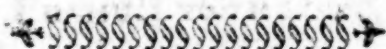
We are concerned to state that a fatal epidemic has recently made its appearance in Newtown, L. I. Several persons have fallen victims after a few days illness. The following persons have died within two weeks.—Our informant observes, that other deaths have occurred within that time of persons whose names are unknown to him. Here follows the melancholy list, with the ages, as near as could be ascertained.

L. I. Star.

Benjamin Bailey, : : 25 years of age.
James Snediker, : : 38
Saml Newman, : : 50
Jacob Goulder, jun. : 19
Abrm. Goulder, : : 23
Mrs. Jarvis. : : : —
Saml. Hopper, : : : 50
Johannis Debevoise, : : 72
Adrian Debevoise, : : 65
John Burroughs, : : 55
Hannah Burroughs, : 18
John Remsen, : : : 52
Esther Remsen, : : : 75
David Furman, : : : 47
Prudence Denton, : : 53
Abrm. Morrel, : : : 64

The following occurrence happened at Kimbolton, England, on the 29th of March. (Easter Sunday), as the rev. Mr. Codling the *resident* Curate was preach-

ing, from the 17th, 18th and 19th verses of the 118th Psalm, ('I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore—but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord;') he suddenly stopped short, and exclaimed, 'I can't!'—'I can't!'—and immediately sunk down in the pulpit, and almost instantly expired. He was only 32 years of age.



Married.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Williams, the rev James Harris, of Urica, to Miss Sarah Richards, of this city.

At New-Bellford, J Grennell, of this
city, to Miss Sarah Russel.

*At Baltimore, Thomas Barrett, printer,
to Miss Rachel Phillips.*

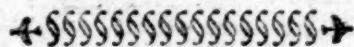
On Monday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr James Baker, Lieut. of the U. States Artillerists, to Miss Ann M. Wisling, of Norfolk, Vir.

*At Maidenhead, N. Jersey, Asa Fish,
to Miss Margaret Conover.*

*At South Amboy, Clement Sheppard
to Miss Elizabeth Chetwood, both of
Abingdon, Penn.*

On monday evening last, Mr. Patrick Sullivan, Grocer, to Miss Jane Schanck, both of this city.

*At White Plains, West Chester County,
on Wednesday the 13th inst. by the rev.
Eben Smith, Mr Andrew L. Halstead,
of this city, to Miss Fanny Miller, eldest
daughter of Abraham Miller, esq. of the
former place.*



Died.

On Tuesday morning last, Mr. George Brady, Sen. aged 64 years.

On Tuesday morning last, after a few days illness, Mr. Peter Gibbons, aged 46 years.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

From a London Paper.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

But oh? what means that ruinous
 roar! why fail
These tottering feet? Earth to its centre
 feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at
 his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive
 heave,
Precipitating domes, & towns & towers,
The work of ages. Crushed beneath the
 weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave; not e'en a widow
 left,
To wail her sons: the house that should
 protect,
Entombs his master; and the faithless
 plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden
 yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me gra-
 cious Heav'n
O snatch me from destruction! If this
 globe,

This solid globe, which thine own hand
 hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I
 sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural, to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I
 fly?
Where look for succour? Where but up
 to thee,
Almighty Father? Save. O save thy
 suppliant
From horrors such as these? At thy
 good time
Let death approach; I reek not—let him
 but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance
 armed,
Too much for man to bear. O rather
 lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at the hour, when all aghast I stand
A trembling candidate for thy compas-
 sion,)
On this world's brink, and look into the
 next;
When my soul, starting from the dark
 unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly
 clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench-
 ed
From this fair scene, from all her 'cus-
 tomed joys
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then
 put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark
 crimes
In all their hideous forms then starting
 up,
Plant themselves round my couch in
 grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two
 edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future
 woe,
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their
 stead,

Let cheerful Memory from her purest
cells,
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherished in early youth, now paying
back
With ten fold usury, the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the hea-
venly balm,
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly,
thou,
Whom soft eyed pity once led down from
Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to
live,
And, oh, still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not thou to smooth the restless
bed
Of sickness and of pain. Forgive the
tear
That feeble nature drops, calm all her
fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her
faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating heaven,
Burst from the thralldom of encumbering
clay.
And on the wing of Extacy unborn,
Springs into Liberty, and Light and
Life.

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

[The neatness and point of the following
lines, cannot fail to recommend them
to the taste of every amateur.]

Beneath a silver willow's shade,
Near fair *Sabrina's* stream,
I've prais'd my sprightly blooming maid
While words could grace my theme.

The zephyrs whisper'd back my sighs,
Spontaneous to my moan;
While echo join'd in *Celia's* praise,
And answer'd groan to groan.

Go loves and graces, beare my tale
To her, the fairest of the fair;
Say—' *THYRSIS* dies' you need not tell
The cause of his despair.

Should pity melt the generous tear
From her soul moving eye,
O! tell my fair—my blooming fair,
FOR HER—I'll live and die!

But, if disdain form her reply,
Then bid the fair adieu!
And, smiling, say—' 'Twas all a lie—
He scorns to die—For you!'

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made) Linens at No. 44 Maiden Lane.

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